

## Truth by femmesteve

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**Summary:**

Was Billy telling the truth?

# Truth

## Author's Note:

Put a prompt in my ask box!! @FemmeSteve on Tumblr!

It's nearing midnight and Steve is walking the sidewalk by himself. He had parked several blocks away from the bar in order to protect himself, but he was beginning to question if it was even worth it. His heels were hurting his feet like hell and his adorable tight skirt had turned into a nuisance. He was sweating, so his hair had fallen flat, despite having taken an extra hour to make it look nice. He was positive that his mascara was running because he kept having to wipe sweat from his eyes.

The roads were empty thank god, so Steve had nothing to worry about. Until, he did. The sound of a car from behind made him glance over his shoulder instinctively, only to see the absolute last thing that he had wanted. Could it be? Or was it just because he was a little tipsy? Surely, that was not Billy fucking Hargrove's Camaro.

Steve began to look around frantically for a place to hide, coming up with nothing. The blaring sound of White Snake drew closer and Steve knew that he was fucked. The car slowed down once it reached him.

"Please tell me that's not you, Harrington," Billy said, driving alongside Steve on the sidewalk.

"It's not me," Steve responded meekly.

Billy stopped the car and turned the radio down, "Get in," He said.

Steve stopped walking to glare at the other boy, tears threatening to fall from his already ruined eyes. Billy was surely going to tell everyone, what else did he want?

"Why should I?" Steve asked.

"It's midnight and you're an unarmed tranny walking alone. In

Hawkins,” Billy responded dryly, “Get. In.” He repeated.

Steve did as he was told. He settled into the seat and his gaze immediately locked onto the floorboard. His face was ablaze with his shame. It was quiet for several moments, and Steve was just waiting for the onslaught of nasty remarks. They never came.

“Where’s your car?” Billy asked.

Steve told him. Then it was quiet again up until the point that Steve was getting out of Billy’s car to get into his own. Billy grabbed him by the wrist as he was leaving the seat, stopping him.

“I wont tell,” Billy told him.

Steve let out a sob of relief, before collecting himself and thanking Billy profusely. Afterward, he sat in his own car and watched as Billy backed out of the parking lot. His heart and head were both pounding as a million thoughts swam in his mind. The biggest was,

“Was Billy telling the truth?”